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THE

Genteel Recreation:

Or, the Pleasure of

ANGLING,

A POEM.

With a *DIALOGUE*

BETWEEN

Piscator and *Corydon.*

By *JOHN WHITNEY,*

A Lover of the *Angle.*

LONDON,

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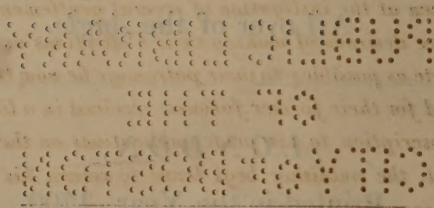

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The extreme rarity of this work, probably owing to its having been printed for the Author, is such, that the publisher does not remember to have met with any other copy, in any sale Catalogue, than that described in Messrs. Longman's Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, from whence it was purchased by the late possessor for five guineas, and now forms one (not the least conspicuous) of a singularly fine Collection of Books on Angling, in the possession of Mr. Major, of Skinner Street.

Of the Author nothing is now known, though it has been conjectured he was the son of Captain Whitney who commanded one of the ships that accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh in his voyage to Guinea.

The present impression does not extend to more than one hundred copies, and was undertaken at the instigation of several gentlemen who were desirous of making their Collections as complete as possible; to their patronage he now trusts, and for their former favours, received in a liberal subscription to his prior publications on the subject, the publisher begs leave to return his most sincere thanks.

TO

My HONOURED FRIEND

JOHN HYDE, Esq;

SIR,

THE Liberty you gave me this last *Summer* to Angle in your great Pond at *Winckhurst*, emboldens me in gratitude to present you with this little treatise on the pleasure of *Angling;* the observations are my own, and some of the Pleasure I received in your good Company when *Angling* at *Heaver*, and since in the Company of Capt. *Comer*, and an other Gentleman at *Winckhurst;* where in one Day we caught about twenty brace of extraordinary large *Carps* with very sweet *Eeles* and *Tench;* I believe I shall hardly forget the *Pearch* of eighteen Inches long, caught by Capt. *Comer*, nor the Old Gentlemans resolution, while we were drinking a Dram of the Bottle, a Fish run away with his rod, which he being

being unwilling to loose, stript off his Cloaths and leapt in, and in swimming proved too nimble for the Fish, for I assure you, he brought them both out with much content to regain his Rod.

Sir, the Capt. assures me, there be larger *Pearch* in the Pond tho I never saw a braver, should I commend the Fish some may think I flatter, but of all the Ponds I ever Angled in, I never received so much delight in so little time, nor ever eat of sweeter or larger *Carps*, for all we caught that did not exceed sixteen or eighteen Inches, we turn'd into the water again, thinking it pity to kill them before they came to their full growth, which commonly exceeds twenty.

Sir, I know your Love to Fish and Angling, and how to your great cost, you have caused to be dig'd a large square Pond in your great Yard before your dwelling place at *Sundridg*, and storing it with brave *Carps* and other Fish, which Pond contains in length three hundred Foot, and two hundred and ten foot in breadth, all dug out of the side of a Hill to the depth of fourteen Foot, and wharfing it ninety foot against the Highway side, with Extraordi-

nary

nary good Plancks of Oak, the Trees being fell'd in your own ground that made them, and then in the middle of the Pond a most delightful *Summer* House to go to by Boat, twelve foot long and ten foot broad, with a Fountain in the middle, where the water plays in sundry Figures; besides the Rails and Ballisters that compass it round, there's a Platform of lead on the top, with Rails and Ballisters to walk and Angle upon.

But that which gives the greater grace, in my Opinion, is the *Summer* House standing upon a Fish House, which beside the Fish there kept, is stored all round with Nests for Ducks, where they breed in abundance, and under the Eves of the uppermost Platform, there is an Ingenious contrivance for Coves, wherein the Pidgeons encrease extraordinary; It's no easy matter for a Simon Suck-egg to Rob either of their Nests, unless he'll adventure at one time both Drowning and Hanging; 'Tis very pleasant walking round the Pond, where a Man hath six or seven foot of Earth over his head on the one side for a shelter, while the other side defends him from the water by a shade of Osiers.

I have also seen your round Fountain

in

in your delightful best Garden, and the stock of Fish therein kept to be always at hand to pleasure your Friends, which is continually stored with *Trouts* and *Carps* of the largest size; I remember also the Oval Fountain in the Kitchen Garden, which is a good Nursery for the younger fry, but above all, I admire at your Ingenuity in contriving that Square Pond on the top of your House, which contains good *Carps* and other Fish, and is an excellent divertisement when you are pleased to disport your self and friends with your fine Water Works, I admired once how the water ascended to that Height, to be always full of sweet and fresh water, till you were pleased to shew me how you performed it by the help of an Engine.

If there be delights any where, I think you have them all at home, for a Man to see Fish swimming on the top of your House and the Fowls of Heaven to live and breed under the water, will be strange to those whose faith is too weak to believe, or capacity to understand your Ingenuity, how you have made Coves for Pidgeons under the Pond where they breed, that a

Man

Man may justly say, that only Lead keeps the two Elements asunder.

Sir, you know that what I write is truth, I would not have People think I equivocate when I tell them without Romancing, how that Pond on the Houses top serves not only to keep Fish but also to play your fine Water Works, both in your Cellar and in the round Fountain in your best Garden, but also in the Ovall Fountain in the fore Court, where the water rises twenty foot Perpendicular; neither must I forget the same water runing through several Meanders, Plays also into the *Summer* House that stands in the great Pond.

Sir, as you have to my thinking all the pleasure the Water and the Air can afford you at home, so I know you can have abundance more when you are pleased to divert your self at *Bore-place*, and injoy the Pleasure of the great Pond at *Winckhurst*, either in the *Summer* time with your Angle, or in the *Winter* with your Gun in your Boat, when the wild Ducks and other Fowl resort thither in great Numbers, few Ponds being of that extent as to cover twenty Acres, which it is most commonly in the *Winter;* beside your other Pond call'd *Baillies*,

Baillies, which generally covers twelve Acres of ground, as also the lower Pond that contains six Acres and feeds two Mills to grind Corn, these Ponds being extreamly well stored with Fish and Wild Fowl in Winter, renders your Injoyments beyond expectation.

I could sum up more delights attend you, as your Pretty Warren for Coneys closed in with a substantial strong stone Wall, did I think, I could escape the censure of flattery of which I was never Guilty, and since I have been partaker of most of them in your Company, and hope still with your Permission to injoy them, I do with true thankfulness subscribe my self,

SIR,

Your most Humble and

Obliged Servant,

JOHN WHITNEY.

THE

PREFACE

TO THE

Lovers of *Angling*.

Gentlemen,

THis little treatise of the Pleasure of Angling *I Composed for my own Diversion, not that I Glory of being an Artist in that harmless Recreation; Really, I cannot presume to be the only expert in that Art, knowing there be many abler Artists, especially that Ingenious Author of the Innocent Epicure whose Poem is worthy Admiration; I have taken nothing from him, nor others who have wrote of the Art of* Angling, *and think my own Experience is best to display my own thoughts, which I have done in a kind of rambling way, my thoughts some time run on the Muses, as well as on Fishes, for which reason I have endeavoured to put my beloved Exercise in Verse, most was Composed by the River side, in such seasons the Fish did not yield the pleasure I expected, all are my own observations*

observations which I have truly related, with some Accidents which gave me good Divertion, and am as well pleased to see my self baulk'd sometimes, by loosing a well grown Fish by Carelessness or Accident, as to have him in my Bag, as you may perceive in some places in the Poem; I look upon him to be a good Artist, that takes some, not he that takes all; I am no engrosser, neither am I covetous of them, giving most and the best to Friends, and willingly instruct any that bear me Company, and are desirous to be Proficients in the Art.

By giving them all the Instructions I can, with the knowledge of the baits I use, which frees me from the thoughts of using preposterous baits, some who have been Angling *with me, have been possessed with a fancy that I had an Art to mingle something with my baits, and for that reason took more Fish than themselves, to undeceive them, I have given them of the same they have seen me bait my Hook with, yet they were never the better Artists; Nay, I have given them my Rod and Line, and taken theirs, with which I took some, tho they were with my Tackling no wiser then before. I solemnly protest, all the Craft I used to succeed better then they, was only due observation of the depth of the water, and absconding my self from sight, with advantage to Sun and Wind, 'tis true, my Tackling is generally finer then most used in our Rivers, who are afraid of breaking a Line or loosing a Hook, by reason of the great ob-*

struction

struction of Bushes and Rotten Trees at the bottom: Tho in such places I commonly find the best sport, neither have they the knowledge, or else are negligent to lengthen, or shorten their float according to the depth of water, beside they'd make one Hook to serve for all Fish, which is meerly ridiculous, with six or seven hairs to a strand, nay, I have known more; such bungling tackle is good for nothing but to frighten the Fish, while I ever use but two or three hairs at most, and if clear way, will hold a Chub *of a Foot long. If I am hung on obnoxious Bushes or Stubs under water, I have ways to free my Hook, or if lost, I need not grieve, for I have always more ready, Experience is the best director and by daily observations.*

A Man may if stock'd with patience succeed to his wishes, but he must have an extraordinary care to observe the seasons, without which all is but labour in vain, due consideration is to be had to his baits as well as Tackling, which are to be sweet and clean scowr'd, especially Worms and Gentile, the best Gentils that I know breed from a Dead Cat, if the Angler *be nice of his fingers, a pair of broad pliers may keep his hands clean, and a few days lying in bran will make them fit for his sport. I use to scowr my Worms without Fenil or Grass, as most do about me, tho they use them commonly just taken out of the ground, when I first take my worms, I put them*

them into a large earthen Pan, that they may have room to crawl and purge out their earth and slime for about twenty four hours; then I wrap them in a Greasie Dish Clout which hath been used much, but not to salt meat, then I lay clean moist Moss in the bottom of the Pan, with worms in the clout and cover them over with more, in three days they'll begin to eat their way through the clout, and in the Moss scowr themselves, when hungery, they'll return to the clout again to feed, and in a weeks time be fit for use; I kept some three Months with once a week changing the Clout and Moss.

It is but labour lost to describe the keeping of baits and making of Pastes, wherefore I forbear, only these two [except the fly] I most commonly use, and thought good to shew the way I prepare them, tho every one may follow his own fancy; I have been a Lover of Angling *from a child and now above sixty cannot forbear, yet never could attain the Art with a Bow and Arrow to shoot Fish swimming, as I have seen Boys in the* West-Indies; *I make no question, but some will find fault and I expect it, but when I consider the world affords both wise Men and Fools, and both find equal admirers I am satisfied; as to the verse there is faults and folly enough, but grant Poetical Licence, if in pleasing no body I have pleas'd my self, and that's all the reward I desire.*

J. W.

THE

Genteel Recreation:

OR, THE

A R T

OF

ANGLING.

HAppy's the Man blest with a moderate state,
His Grandsires Land devolv'd to him by fate,
And constant there remains,
Bound fast by Laws strong Adamantine chains,
He gently can survey his Meads, and be
Spectator of his own felicity;

Those

Those curious Meads,
New Pleasure breeds,
A purling Brook just by,
Where the Inhabitants
Of all the watery Elements,
Strive nature to out-vie.
Those various Beauties which the Medows breed,
The watery fry in spangled glory far exceed,
While carking cares that do the mind oppress,
By Men unwary of their happiness:
Clog'd with the burden of Domestick cares,
May here dispel those lingering fears,
And learn new Joys, observing of the fry,
How they at *Natural* and *Artificial* glorys fly.
Puft with conceit,
They take the bait,
And by extorted usury die.
While minds sedate, scorn the destroying pelf,
And value not that all devouring shelf
Of mighty riches.
Thoughts most serene, and Calm the mind,
No Counter buffs of Fortune blind
Their Soul bewitches;
Tho Heaven thunder, *Jove* his lightning send,
They're always constant to their friend,
And with a Heart most pure,
The storms of Fortune ever can endure.

II.

II.

But now I'll sing, how minds opprest by care,
Find sundry cures, but this the only rare,
While by a Chrystal brook,
With Rod and Line and Hook;
They strive for to surprise,
The Rovers of the watery Element,
Without a bad Intent
Of hoarding up their prize.
No Bags of Gold, for which the Misers wish,
And dies a Slave unto an empty Dish,
Can them entice
Their pleasure's more,
Then all the store,
That Damn themselves by greedy Avarice.
Joys so supreme an *Angler* finds,
While all the stream he views and therein minds,
The true content,
Of time well spent,
In placing of his Hooks and Lines.
His several baits he varies both to time and place,
And thinks it no disgrace;
Sometime an eager Fish,
Frustrates the long expected wish,

By

By breaking of his Line,
Yet he'll not Curse nor Swear,
Like those in passion are:
But wait a more Auspicious time.
For to retrive the fleeting prey he lost,
And that retaken Glory of the most.

III.

Now with the *Tyrant* of the Silver stream,
I first, kind *Maro*, will begin my Angling Theme,
And leave the *Sallmon* since our streams afford,
No Habitation for that mighty Lord.
I nothing know, nor nothing say of him,
So leave him to his Pleasure where he'll swim,
But for the *Pike* my chiefest love, my care,
No pains, no cost, I willingly would spare,
For his voracious Appetite;
Enkindles fervour to a fresh delight.
When fair *Aurora*, leaves her dark Cavern,
And *Sol's* uprising first I can discern,
Shaking the moisture from his dew'y locks,
To set a Lusture on a Thousand *Lady Smocks*.
Enameling the Medows fair and bright,
But just reliv'd from the terrours of the night,
I march along, and with a dainty taper Pole
Of nine foot long or more I make my troul,
With

With Curious Rings fixt so to ply,
And humour him my skilful Enemy.
First from the Brook I take,
A *Gudgeon, Roach,* or *Chevin* for my bait,
Which suddenly I then empail,
Upon my hook and fixing tie his tail;
My hook well armed with wyer strong,
And commonly eight Inches long.
I to my Swivel fix, that so my line,
From fleeting reel may give him his due time.
The next care then must be to find his haunt,
As well as to provide him his Provant,
Tho he's not squeemish, all he sees
Without distinction will his fancy please,
Except his brother *Perch.*
Whose sharpened Javelins he disdains to touch,
Well knowing with a Timorous care,
His end approaches if ensnared there.
So where two Rivers meet,
And Loving streams each other greet,
Then boldly shoot in one,
Against that stream he certain lies,
And Pirate like waits to surprise,
The Merchant sailing on:
Or, see neer to a hollow bank, and silent shade,
Where subjects of the watery Kingdoms made
Them

Them sure recesses, when the storms grow high,
Their constant harbours to the scaly fry.
There begin,
And by an even throw,
Strive to deceive the Fishes mortal foe.
Just to the brim,
Retrive the sinking *Roach*,
With gentle stirring then he will approach,
With eager hast to taste the Loved prey,
And Tyrant like take all, then turn away,
Then give him line and let the reel so be,
From knots and snarl's exceeding free,
He'll quickly drown himself in his Debauchery;
Yet to my sorrow I but lately found,
One took my bait and stoutly stood his ground.
While I expected he should run or fly,
The only certain sign to sing his obsequie:
But he grown cunning,
Lest his runing,
Should himself destroy,
Spit forth the bait,
And made a safe retreat,
That baulk'd my much expected Joy.

IV.

In *Surry* Rises there,
A branch of *Medway*, where
Store of all sorts of Fish do breed,
To serve for Pleasure and for need,
Well stor'd with Game the Rivers be,
Could they from poaching be kept free:
Once Angling at the Rivers side,
Observing how the stream
In gentle motions then did slide,
With eager haste to meet his bride,
And makes his Joys supream;
By chance I spy'd a Rustick Clown,*
A halling something up and down,
To him I streight repair,
And ask'd his business there.
He told me Fishing for an hour or two,
Lord, how amaz'd was I to see him go,
A bush pul'd frem the hedg, his Angling rod
No top, but like a staff with which Men plod,
When driving home full udders to the pail,
Heaven bless me when such tackling can prevail:

---

* *Jarvice Hills.*

His

His hook ti'd to a string, that to a piece of leather,
A flote just in the place where both were knit together,
Fortune her self that time was double blind,
She could not see and so perforce was kind.
For straight he took two *Bleaks*, one *Roach*,
And last of all a well grown *Perch*,
Who gasping lay upon the ground,
I Judged to weigh at least a pound.
Pleas'd with the fancy I unto him gave,
An Angle, Rod and Line the best I have,
And shew'd him where good baits to find
A Cow-turd, ten days old, and newly lin'd,
With *blew-tails* which from homed *Gentiles* spring,
A ready bait and good for every thing,
The Man was Civil, and exprest his mind,
In real thanks, then sought some better luck to find.
At *Eaton* Bridge we may at first begin,
To *Trowl* or *Angle* which the Angler will,
O're pleasant Medows which the eye invite,
To *De la ware*, * whose Prospect gives delight;

---

* Mr. *Henry Streatfields.*

Surround-

Surrounding Rivers sometime over-flow,
And wash the Walls of that most Antient Fabrick so
As if they Homage paid to *Streatfields* Fame,
And tendred without trouble their abounding Game.
Pike, *Pearch* and *Roach*, the greedy *Chub* and *Bleak*,
With several others Men Ingenious seek,
That use the *Angle* or Laborious *Trowl*,
Morning or Night the Fishes to Cajole,
And ther's a Fish peculiar to that place,
If *Jove* wou'd Angle 'twould his God-head grace;
Roach-like he's made, his scales of burnish'd Gold,
That shine like Mettle from *Pactolus* Roll'd,
Nameless he s, till some more fruitful Pen,
Describes his wonderous make, like *Adam* when
Baptizing Creatures with Immortal Names;
The Glory of great *Medway* and more Silver *Thames*.
From thence o'r verdent Meads,
Our Joys supream exceeds,
When *Heaver** Castle to our eye,
Congratulates our coming nigh,

---

* Mr. *William Streatfield*.

Where

Where I full often have most wellcome been,
To him who is my friend, and thinks it is a sin,
If we neglect his Cider and *March* Beer,
His most obliging Company and chear.
Anglers are wellcome still to him,
A Rummer fill'd unto the Brim,
Shews Bounty still confined within his wall,
Till Love and Liquor brings a Deluge o'r us all;
No thanks he'll have,
His Soul is brave.
Ah! *Streatfield*, thee I will Imbrace,
In Bonds of Friendship, time can't chase
Thee from my mind, nor from thy Castle-Wall,
Where Natures Blessings are abounding all.
To *Chidding-stone*, two Miles or more,
We Angle may, or then give o'r,
If that the Sun decline;
Tho many times within the Night,
The Fish will eagerly and greedy bite,
And make our pleasure all Divine.
Penhurst, thy stream's too Rapid and too large,
For me to Angle in,
My time ill spent I there discharge,
And neither loose nor win.
At *Leigh*, I know fresh pastime to persue,

And

And there all day till Night,
I reap a double sweet delight;
In thy Meanders among the watery crew,
Tunbridge comes next and stor'd with *Poachers* plenty,
Large is thy stream, of Fish yet almost empty.
Large Nets the game do so destroy,
That with an Angle few we can decoy;
But here perforce I must give o'r,
A stranger I'm unto the Neighbouring shore,
The Current's strong and swiftly speeds,
By Divers turnings through the Meads
To *Maidstone.*
Where Oyster Ketches they in plenty ply,
And other Vessels twice as big or nigh,
Are coming home
From *Rochester,* where with the *Medway* she,
Most kindly meets and both fall in the *Sea.*
Muse sing now the *Trout,* with all his Arts,
His haunts, his motion and his sudden starts,
Whene'er a curious fly drops in the stream
Make him thy choice and chuse him for thy Theam.
The off-spring of the fair *Darwent,*
In thousand pleasing Ruptures see him rise,
With Murmuring pleasures to our Ears and Eyes;
To force himself a vent,

In

In gentle Numbers first he seems to go,
But with united forces will o'erflow
His bounds,
And all the Neighbouring grounds,
That lye below.
Old *Crockham Street*,* where first he makes his way,
To view *Sol's* Glory and his brighter ray,
The Joyful Issue of approaching day,
He runs not far before he meets,
Fair *Squrries* Nymphs and kindly greets;
Three Sister Ponds well stor'd with fry,
The Eternal bounties of the sky,
Encreasing more with stronger force,
To *Westerham* Town he bends his course,
Then visits *Valence* stony ground,
And in *Meanders* hurls himself quite round

To *Braisteed.*

At *Sundridg* pent in narrower room,
He gets more strength at length to roam.

To *Cheapsteed.*

Where first begins the sporting prize,
Angler beware, for he's precise,
And knows his time to sink or rise:
If weather's fair and sultrey hot,
Your labour's vain and nothing to be got,

* At Mr. *Tollers.*

Unless

Unless a gentle Breez,
Blow Neighbouring flys from off the taller Trees;
Which to your hook and single hair,
Judicious eye and special care.
Angler tread soft, for if the ground
By ruder feet make any sound;
Then void is all your care,
As well as if you stood too near:
Which to prevent no shadow should come nigh,
Nor you to see,
Where Fishes be,
Into the waters pry;
Keep the Sun constant in your face,
Reflections on the water less will be,
So you'll have pleasure to embrace,
While others loose by their simplicity.
Cheapsteed, I'd love thee could'st thou always be,
From *Knaves* and *Poachers* ever free,
Then thy sweet stream would multiply:
To *Longford* then where first the worm we use,
For these two baits I only always use;
For *Minnows* none we have, nor none are nigh,
For better sport should *Trouts* our worms deny,
And never rise at Natural, or at Artificial fly,
Then sometime in a dusky evening late:
A *grey Snail* from the ground I take,
And gently o'r the stream I troul.

'Tis

'Tis safe, 'tis sure to try with all,
If but some Rain the day before did fall,
For Muddy streams a little vext,
With falling showers decoy him best:
Or, to take a *Beetle* always brown,
That Boys from off the Apple-Trees knock down,
Which in an Evening late when all the Stars,
To Heavens black Cannopy withdraws.
You may be sure good sport to find,
If but the following precepts well you mind,
Four Wings he has, two scaly, two of softest down
But with his tail your largest hook encrown;
Ne'r hurt him, all his Wings he will expand,
And Sing a Murmuring Tune the Trouts can understand,
Who greedy of so sweet a prey,
Leap straight and bear the Songster quite away.
When with a sudden touch I feel him rove,
I soon injoy my wishes and my Love,
Try this but once, you'll quickly find it true,
And neatly after this same slight persue.
But let no noise the wary Trout offend,
By stiring ground or reeds, lest vain your wishes end,
Now through the *Moore's** I take my way,

* Mr. *Farnabys.*

And

And silent search o'r Stones and Clay,
Which way the stream conducts me in my play:
A well scour'd Lobworm now I only use,
Which eager *Trouts* but seldom will refuse,
But use no flote to tell you when they bite,
The very thoughts of such a thing will fright
The wary *Trout*,
Yet I'll resolve the doubt,
How by a certain way,
He'll yield himself and so become your prey:
Let lead sufficient but your worm to sink,
Drive gently with the stream I'th midle or the brink,
Close on the ground no stops or stay,
To hinder all and spoil your play;
But with a steady hand your Rod and Line so keep,
That nothing but the ground your bait should sweep.
For if the Line upon the surface lies,
The Angler with his Tools is little wise;
He'll miss his prey,
Thro' his uncertain way,
The *Trout* is still so shie.
He Angle may,
Ten hours a day,
And never make one dye:
If once you feel him bite,
At Morning or at Night,

With

With leasure let him run,
Or else your Joys are Baulk'd by loosing half your worm,
Which to prevent, give time to Gorge the bait,
And by a gentle touch you'll hook him streight.
Down thro' the *Moores* to *Otford* gently go,
Inviting pleasures still attend you, so
To *Shorham*, where use your skill and choicest care,
Both with the worm and single hair,
And never doubt for pleasure most abounding there.
At twenty places where the River turns,
Is sport sufficient both for fly and worms:
At *Lullingstone*,* and *Farningham*,
The *Trouts* are kind and yield good game,
If with judicious eye and steady hand,
Your Rod and Line you can command,
When *Dartford*, first comes to your eye,
Pack up your Tools and homeward high,
For sweet *Darent* by going thither,
Flows into *Thames* and runs the Lord knows whether.
Now sing the *Carp* and turn thy theam my Muse,
To fresh delights,
And cunning slights,
That skillful Anglers use.

---

* *Percivall Hart*, Esq;

This

This Fish takes no delight in Rivers much to be,
But pent in Ponds injoys a sweet Captivity,
Well stored with such our *Kentish* grounds they
are,
And *Sussex* too yields some exceeding rare;
For there I know a little Brook which runs,
First with a gentle stream then silent turns
Into a mighty Pond, and finding there a stay,
Bemoans himself to have a freer way,
Like to a dying Stag at *Bay;*
There's *Carps* the glory of the Land, some be
Thirty Inches long excepting three.
And weighty too when brought unto the ground,
Each *Carp* if large, may weigh at least five Pound,
When *Sol's* bright rays began for to decline,
A Reverend Matron* with a Hook and Line,
Had nick'd the most auspicious time:
Silent she goes and takes a shady stand,
Watchful her eye and steady was her hand,
For well she knew them both for to command,
A worm well scour'd without the help of stink-
ing tar,
That was her bait, and that was best by far,
Tho to my cost I've try'd and certain know,
That Tarr's strong stench hath little here to do,

* Mrs. *Burges*, of *Withyham.*

But

But kill the worm, but I confess that Fishes smell,
Or that my apprehension is but ill;
For I have seen them to my flote and Lead repair,
And gently touch them with insulting care.
Nice be their Palats, and their sense exceeding rare,
Then by a sudden turn the bait they spie,
They smell and swallow and exclaiming dye;
Bless me I had forgot,
This Tarr disturbs my mind,
My *Matron* at the Fishing Plot,
That is to Anglers kind,
Before the Glorious Sun went down,
Returning was the plodding clown,
To sweet repose,
But she packs up her Tools and homeward goes.
Well Laden with a Brace or more,
The just expence of but one only hour;
Fraught with her luck some new designs,
Caus'd me next morn to rise betimes,
'Fore *Sol* had left his watery couch,
And to the Pond with speed approach:
A friend* had lately given to me a strand,
And for its strength exceedingly commend,
Unhappy† when it first came to our land;

---

* Mr. *Nathaniell Rosewell.*

† *Indian Grass.*

Or

Or I, to pitch upon that Line,
To Angle with at that unluckey time,
No sooner was compleat my Fishing Geer,
But that I chanc'd to spie unto me steer.
Two *Carps* that were of mighty size,
My heart e'n leapt to make of one a prize;
As they came Sailing careless on their way,
A well scour'd worm I in their course convay.
The water there not two foot deep,
Besides so clear,
That all their motions plainly did appear,
Behind a shady Oak conceal'd I stood,
And with a wary eye observ'd the flood,
And all their motions as they mov'd,
Thus while they nearer drew,
My hopes I still renew,
They'd nible at my bait,
Tho after curse me for my sly deceit;
And quickly plainly cou'd descry,
That one had something pleasing to his eye,
He seem'd to smile and with expanded Jaws,
Hug'd his good luck and silent gave Applause.
Till with a gentle touch I hook'd him streight,
While he stood wondring whence should come deceit,
Under the Luster of so fair a bait;

He

He never seem'd, or scorn'd to run,
But with a sudden yerk his tail did turn,
And then as suddenly my Joys were gone,
For my new strand gave way and broke,
But what's become of worm and hook,
For both I'm sure he fairly took.
Vext, no we Anglers often loose our prize,
Compleat let all our Tackling be, and most precise,
For Fishes prove sometimes more wise then we,
As by this late ensample all may see,
That Lovers of the Angle be:
Immediately I left that stand,
No speech in Fishes be,
Yet one another they can understand,
With sure dexterity.
Then for the smaller fry I made my way,
The stream and Pond affording every day,
Chub, *Roach*, and *Perch* and *Jacks* in plenty be,
To give delight and fill necessity,
Then *Cadbaits* from the sand I get,
Or *Antflys* which the *Roach* Intirely Love,
And lay my worms aside,
Sometime with *Gentles* I did bait,
My Treacherous hook and hide
The barb with wings expanded of a fly,
When eager *Roaches* mounted up above,
To view the glorys of the sky;

With

With such like tricks as these one day,
One Hundred Forty odd I made my prey,
One Hook, one Line, one Angle Rod,
One Mile was all the ground I trod,
I scorn deceit,
And have described the bait;
That those who please hereafter for to try,
With these same baits may well succeed as I,
Yet some there be that talk of *Tar* and *Pitch*,
And silly *Oyles* the Fishes to bewitch:
They're all unworthy of my love or care.
Begon, begon, all nasty drugs, forbear
My Muse to sing, but for the *Carp* a dainty worm and red,
Will Rouse him from the bottom of his flaggy bed,
Which when he takes and neatly hung,
Your skill requires, your tackle strong,
For out he shoots as Arrow from a bow,
As far as Line and Rod permits him go:
Yet turn him if you can, within the bent of Rod to roam,
And then a Landing Net will safely bring him home.
Sussex I leave thee, and to *Kent* repair,
Where Ponds are large and waters ever clear,
Full flowing streams, and *Carps* in plenty be,
The hopeful Issue to Posterity;

Three* Sister Ponds of which I whilome told,
Grac'd by most curious walks on dainty mould
Perpetual Springs which sweetly bubling rise,
Like *Niobes* distilling pearly eyes;
Then† the square Pond or Fountain rather,
A *Mermaid* always sprouting out the water,
Where as it falls the Fishes seem to play,
Till time or fate conveys the stream away.
Boreplace‡ a seat of my beloved Friend,
Whose Ponds have streams on which a Mill attend,
Least overflowing streams the Corn offend,
A Fountain too there is well stor'd with fish,
And ready always for a friendly dish,
If that grow empty then he can Recruit,
By fetching from his *Houses top* sweet fruit;
I mean large *Carps* that in a Pond there be,
The product of his Ingenuity.
Combanck§ another Pond well stor'd
And twenty more the County can afford,
But I'm a stranger to those fish and them,
So leave them to a more propitious Pen,
Yet if I Listed, I could Hundreds show,
Of Ponds have *Carps*, but muddy grow:

---

* Sir *Nicolas Crisps*, at *Squirres*.
† *Tho. Knight*, Esq; ‡ Mr. *John Hide*, at *Sundridg*.
§ *Henry Fane*, Esq;

Free

Where I good store have often tane,
A sweet requital for my time and pain.
Observe their season, nick the time aright,
And baits that most they love to bite.
Free from their spawning then they sickly be,
And slight all baits, for nothing will agree,
Where Law and Nature hates by simpathy.
Muse sing the Fishes *Æsculapius*, and he
Thy next of Themes a Soveraign King most free,
Beloved of all without an enemy;
None Challenge his Prerogative,
Nor none he seeks for to enslave,
But with a kind dispensing power,
Diffuses virtue every hour.
Hail great Physitian of the watry Element.
Had Nature more propitious been,
And given thee liberty to vent,
Thy virtue unto Fishes in the Rivers be,
Then thy eternal golden fin,
Might Challenge the sole Soveranity,
O'er watery Kingdoms and Immortal be,
Like those Diviner Fishes which in Heaven are,
Choice Constellations of the Beatitude most fair:
The mighty *Salmon* and vorations *Pike*,
Declining grown to thee they seek,
And Languishingly implore,

That thy Diviner help, decayed Nature would
restore.
For well they know an Influence,
Flows from thy vertue, their defence
Is justly due unto thy care,
When lingering Age, or Sickness brings them to
dispair:
But how can Mortals tell, or which way can
descry,
Those Soveraign Balsams in what Cells they lie.
For to refund,
And by a God-like power,
Mans vain Immaginations so confound,
Past all his search for to discover;
Anatomists there are who undertake,
To search out Nature and all causes make,
From occult qualities and well they may,
Like Owls be blind in an uncertain way,
Should they dissect thee in great *Neptun's*
publick Hall,
And read a Lecture to the Fishes all.
As on a Malefactor,
Ten Thousand Crabed Names they'd soon dispose,
Yet never can thy Cabbinet disclose,
With Glory to succeeding Ages after,
Where thy most *precious Essence* is prepared,
Nor in what certain Repository stored:

But

But there it is where Nature first ordain'd,
And there it will remain,
Physician-like all Patients to attend,
Till cured, then reap Immortal fame,
Who eager then would be for to destroy thy
breed,
Injustice sure, yet justly may succeed,
When Numerous swarms encrease and multiply,
That there's no Room for the Ignoble fry,
But with expanded fyn's they sullen dye.
Which to prevent,
Heaven *Angling* sent,
That by Ingenious strife,
Decoying *some*, we give the *rest* a longer life,
'Tis pity for to part the *Carp* and he,
Since muddy Ponds with both do well agree;
One bait doth both delight,
A worm that's red and bright,
Excells a Thousand trifling things,
That bungling Anglers to small purpose brings,
To scare the Fish away:
Both yield sweet pleasure, both delight,
Tho both contrary ways do bite,
And also play,
Carp's eager gape and draw the flote downright,
Then when he's hung he runs with all his might,
Nor

Nor water beats he with his tail,
Till life and strength together fail;
The *Tench* he only gently sucks the worm,
And several ways the floting flote will turn,
Until the hook within his Jaws doth lie,
Angler forbear, for that once done to th' reeds he'll ply,
Thinking his prey for to secure and speedy dye.
One gentle touch he'll beat the water with his tail,
Imploring help, no help can then prevail,
Unless your strand or line give way,
And so by eager haste become the Fishes prey.
Thus lately by a pleasant Pond* I Angling stood,
With *Carp* and *Tench* indifferently stor'd,
My hour was late and little time to stay,
Yet took four brace then homeward made my way.
Muse now raise thy fancy once again,
And sing the *Eele* and where he doth remain,
That yields no pleasure all the Winter long,
But keeps in muddy holds most sure and strong,
Till *Sol's* bright rays the waters gently heat,
For then he looks abroad and leaves his safe retreat.
Contrary to all Creatures else in stormy weather,
He leaves his hold and flys the Lord knows whether;

---

* The Lady *James*, at *Ightham*

For

For I have seen a Pond without a Flag or Reed,*
Or any Bush for shelter, where no Fishes breed.
To Man's Imagination, on a Common large,
When *Jove* his thunder first began discharge,
With flash'y lightning, mighty Peals did rend,
The welkin so,
That Travellers refused to go,
Unto their Journeys end:
By what preposterous Action or what cause,
A sudden trembling to the Earth withdraws,
And *Eeles* in mighty number the surface soon
Incumber in that horrid Afternoon;
Angler now tell me if you had been there,
What bait you'd use while Fishes lay so fair,
All in your eye upon the Waters top,
Not daring to descend,
Having no shelter nor no Friend,
Their tottering Kingdom to defend,
From the encroaching fop.
Yet now I'll tell how they were ta'ne without a bait,
Clowns they Conspire, Conspiring fetch a Rake,
And with that Rustick Tool some hundreds take:
Some large and over-grown,
That long had liv'd yet dy'd too soon,

---

* On a Common near *Crayden.*

In such preposterous way,
I never knew before, and Heaven grant I never may.
I won't relate the several ways they're ta'ne,
By *bobbing* or by *Pots*, that's vain,
But to my Theme of *Angling* keep,
In Rivers or in Ponds that's deep,
Nor shall the sundry ways disturb my sleep.
Tho by the River many a Night have I
Spent in Contemplating *Heaven*, and the *Starry Cannopy*,
And with the patience of an Am'rous Maid,
For my expected Joy I silent stay'd,
Down at the bottom there he constant lies,
'Mong Mud and Flags and Roots of rotten Trees:
Or at the sluces where the waters fall,
Which stop't, o'erflow the Bancks and Meads, and all
The Neighbouring grounds below,
If there he's mist then to the Bridges go.
And near the posts that prop them up,
His usual time is late at Night to sup,
On what the stream into his way conveys,
For *Fishes dead* become his constant preys;
The darkest Nights, if those you chuse,
And such kind Angler, ne'er refuse,

With

With Line that's strong, and strong your Rod,
You'll hardly miss his dark abode,
For Night's his everlasting time,
From *ten* to *twelve* the only prime.
Try first your *worm* if that wont do,
A *Pickle Herring* soon will bring him too,
Or *little Fish*, in them he'll much delight,
And swallow all and hardly ever bite
Amiss when hung, ne'er stand to give him play,
For much he'll strive your Line for to convey,
Among such stubs or roots in Rivers be,
Then Angler you are lost by your simplicity,
Which to prevent and so prevail,
Rear up his head and Pendant be his Tail,
Else he like Boys within a hoop,
In Thousand Gambol's will directly shoot,
Spite of your Teeth he'll brake your strand or line,
And rend his throat in pieces at that time.
So slipery he'll glide between your hands and be,
Like *Gigas* ring, Invisible and free;
But rowl him on the sand his strength is gone,
And justly then you call him may your own.
More ways I yet could show,
How *Eeles* are taken which full well I know,
But I'll forbear, and only now relate,
How they are taken without a line or bait;

No

No *Eele-Pots*, nor no *Nets*, but *Shovel* and an Awl
Creating Pleasure, if Pleasures be at all.
Angler forbear to smile
At what I now relate,
Have Patience yet a while,
And I'll declare it streight.
At *Orpington* some bubbling spouts there rise,
No biger then the Pearls fall from our eyes,
(When some dear Friend is lately dead and gone,
At whose lamented obsequies we mourn)
While Multiplying more, in little way
They make a stream, that glides into the Sea.
So shallow every stone is plainly told,
Pactolus with her Glitring streams of Gold,
Can't shew such treasure, and what's more,
Ther's *Trouts* and *Eeles* a mighty store.
But to the purpose, how these *Eeles* are ta'ne,
Requires some time as well as pain.
Thro' St. *Mary Clay*, the stream gently glides,
And runs by *Foots-Cray* and to *North-Cray** besides;
Where the sport begins,
When Heaven's so dark that nothing shines,
But its black Cannopy extending fair,
Throws an Eternal sable thro' the Air:

---

* Major *Bugings*, at *North-Cray*.

Then

Then from their watery Burroughs *Eele*s resort,
And leave the safety of the Liquid Court.
Like Lovers, in the dark they are most kind,
And sweetly meet, new blisses by Injoying find.
A *Rustick* with a Flambeau in his hand,
Goes like a Page of Honour thro' the *Strand*,
When Madam she's retiring from the Play to Court,
Cloy'd with vain repetitions and an Idle sport.
Vain is that pleasure yields us no delight,
But dulls our over-clouded Appetite.
Resume thy theme, the Flambeau glistering bright,
The wandering *Eeles* are dazel'd at the light,
And, like to Boys admiring, grow
Bold at a Lord *Mayors* Pageant show:
They nearer draw, and still the glittering fire;
As he walks up and down, applaud admire,
He warily knows how to pick and chuse,
And neatly can his skillful shovel use;
For when the larger sort comes in his way,
Down goes the shovel, and he's forc'd to stay
Till with the Awl they him to Land convey.
Now see sweet *Maro*, of the *Pearch* I sing,
And Dedicate to thee, who art the Muses King,
My solemn Theme;

Assist

Assist me then,
Recorder of the Acts of Gods of Men.
Lest that my trembling Pen in vain essay,
Ignis Fatuus-like, lost in uncertain way.
Had I thy Genius, then my quill should raise,
Immortal Glory to thy Name with praise.
While thou, blest *Hero*, to the Gods conjoyn'd,
And, by eternal Love, to Man Combin'd,
Shews us the Paths of virtue how to tread,
And Magnify the Glory of the Dead.
For thou alone
Hast further gone,
In thine Immortal lays,
Then all the scribling Poets in our last declining days,
Choice is my Theme,
The *Vice Roy* of the stream,
That now I mean declare,
And his abiding place,
No Lofty Turrets do his Palace grace,
Yet he delights in Silver streams most fair.
A gentle current and a sandy ground,
With curious Pebles that abound,
Are his Eternal way.
For o'er the stream he ranges still,
And, Glutton-like, his stomach seeks to fill;
Then to a bush convey

His

His Porcupine and bristly back,
That with an Eager fierce attack,
Whole sholes are forced to give him way.
Sometimes in holes most deep,
Like winking Cat, he'll seem asleep,
Till some bold *Minnow*, or the smaller fry,
Insult about him, then he'll quickly ply
Against a Million all he will withstand,
Till some poor Captive stays his furious hand,
Remorseless, he ne'er fears, nor prays,
But all he conquers, he as sudden slays;
His Passion's hot, and seldom cool,
Till taken with a Gin by some laborious fool:
Yet, like a *Turk*, in all extreams looks high,
Shakes his sharp Javelin, Blasphemes his God and dyes.
In *Suffolk** there I know a stream,
Where it begins I Ignorant am,
But stor'd it is with spacious fry,
Of different sorts: what there I've ta'ne,
Of those I'll sing, and let the rest remain
Till some more Curious, with more skill then I,
Their mighty numbers fairly can descry,
And from what Fountain first,
The fruitful waters burst,

* *Higham*, and *Stratford*, by *Denham*.

That

That daily pay a tribute to the Sea,
Are Theams too high, and so unknown to me.
But there kind Fortune once to me was kind,
That, for one year, I nothing had to mind,
But pleasure by that River side,
Where still, with all my Heart, I willingly could abide:
Such store it yields as I before ne'er knew,
And daily did my Lov'd delights renew.
For Angling from a Child I still do prise,
The best of pleasures, for the grave and wise.
Oh! Who can tell the store of *Pikes* are there?
Twelve, Sixteen Pound of Fish, repays the Anglers care,
If but one hour or two he well can spare;
And all the bait he needeth for't,
Is but a *Gudgeon*, of the largest sort,
Or else a *Roach*, fixt to the Trouling Line,
With observation of his feeding time.
I have admir'd to see, tho hooks were double,
The *Trouler* please himself with needless Trouble,
A mighty Pole, Line like a Cable Rope
For strength, yet loose his prize and hope;
They were no Artists, little skill they had,
Saving to Curse and Swear, like Bedlams, mad
When a stout Pike from their rude hands made way,
And joyful glides along the stream to play;

The

The Proverb is forgot, no Anglers ought to swear,
The least of Oaths the Fishes soon will scare,
And Imprecations too make them the bait forbear,
But I forget my Theam, my Angling for the *Pearch*,
And slight the *Gudgeon*, *Chub*, the *Bream* and *Roach:*
Supplys the stream with new recruits each hour;
For there's such plenty, Heavens Eternal Power,
For every Evening all the Summer long,
I don't remember I went empty home,
And still spent but few hours at a time,
From Three, till Six, I found the only prime,
For in that Summer, a Thousand *Pearch*, and more;
I had destroy'd, and might as many more;
All with a Hook and Line,
I us'd no Poaching way,
Nor any thing that was unjust the Fishes to decoy;
Besides good store of *Roach*, and some of *Bream*,
And other Fish inhabit in the stream,
But still the *Pearch* was best,
And always him I sought most to molest.
When Rustick People they have any time,
To Fishing streight they go,
And hardly either Sup or Dine,
Without a brace or two.

But to observe these Rusticks Tools,
The World might well pronounce them Fools,
Nay Fools in Grain, but still such luck most have,
As Fortune sends to those are Mad or Brave.
For with a Hook ty'd to a Pack-thread Line,
They'll take you, some times, twenty at a time;
Their Rod, a Goad, or some such foolish thing,
A fit Companion for their home spun string,
Their bait, a worm that's large, in sunder Torn,
For little things these kind wise Acres Scorn,
They'd never Angle in the middle of the stream,
But near the Banck, 'mong bushes most extream,
And if the bushes hung them in their play,
Their Line was strong to bring them still away,
I oft have been *Amaz'd* to see
The very *Boys* grow wise,
At their Old *Fathers* great simplicity.
One evening, *Sol* declining grown,
My tools packt up, and I returning home,
I chanc'd in shallow water spy
A Lusty well grown *Jack* to lye,
So steady that you'd think
Him Dead to flote so near the brink;
I view'd him long, and wondred much to see
He'd make no motion, at my shade, nor me;
And, by ill Fortune, at that time
I had no Troul nor Trouling Line;

He

He lay too far for me to snare,
And I had none but Lines were made of hair,
Yet was resolv'd to have some sport,
With that stout Tyrant of the Liquid Court;
A *Roach* alive I fixt, to bear
Upon a Line, and drew it near,
His mighty and expanded Jaws,
Like Hells wide mouth, immediately disclose
Whole rows of Teeth, as *Cadmus* earth born Sons
Each other view,
Then furious slew,
As from the ground they sprung by turns.
Lord how I wondred, when the *Roach* went in
That yawning Gulph, and could no further swim:
That dark Abbiss
His last recess
Was the Eternal end of him.
Fain would I more have seen and known,
For observation seldom comes too soon;
But he, Tyrant-like, shew'd me the Tyrants play,
Turn'd his large head, and with the stream slid quite a way.
Angler don't think I Equivocate or lie,
The truth I hear declare and the whole mistery,
For with a *Worm*, or else a *Minnow* small,
Those Fifteen Hundred *Pearch* I took them all.

Cloy'd

Cloy'd with my pleasure, still my cares renew,
And Angling, all my Joys, I daily still pursue
Till Winter came, and *Boreu's* stubborn wind,
With flakes of Snow and Ice, the earth and water joyn'd,
Like Twins, that from one womb tho both proceed,
Have different virtues at their different need.
For when the River's froze as hard as stone,
And all the Fishes, there Imprison'd, mourn;
Another game I us'd to find,
Where *Duck* and *Mallard* multiply'd their kind
And since my sport of Angling was debar'd,
Something I'd have, or else I thought it hard;
One Element just turn'd to stone,
If that the other could afford me none:
Three tedious Months of Winter weather,
All sorts of Wild Fowl Heaven sent me thither,
I ne'er Examined whence they came, nor going whether;
For if in sixty yards, or little more,
Whether in the Air, or on the shore,
I little car'd, all one it was to me,
If with advantage then I could deliver free.
Some scores of Wild Fowl there I fairly shot,
Some for the Spit, and some were for the Pot;

Of

Of some I presents made unto my Friends,
No Nigards mind, nor Misers wish on me
Attends.
Angler had you been there you'd far'd as well
as I,
For Heavens bounty, Heaven be prais'd Eternally,
Now the *Eager* and voracious *Chub* rehearse,
That mounts the water, sees the universe,
Then to the bottom nimbly scuds.
And hides his daring head beneath the flouds,
Till some new object makes him rise,
A *Hopper* or some larger fly's,
Then nimbly down he'll dive, and with his prey,
Obscure himself from *Sol's* most Glorious ray,
Under a shady Oak,
His motions common look,
For there he'll rise and fall,
As often as convenient Beauties call;
If shadows do approach him, then he's shy,
And shuns the Alterations of the sky,
But when Serene and Calm, in Rivers large,
He joyfully exerts his force, and charge
Battalions of the Buzzing Excrements,
On whom his spiteful Choler daily vents
A fresh revenge;
Till with a cunning hand, and baited hook,
His pride strikes Sail, as being soon mistook,

So greedy Wolves who after Midnight range,
Fall in a Pit-fall and their lives exchange.
Vain Pride by accidental chances come
Unto a Period, and the everlasting Sun
Climbs higher still, till Climbing throws him down,
And in a Sable Vails the Immortal Crown
Of Light,
But to my Theme,
The *Chubs* are then
Eternal Gormandizers;
A *Gentle* or a *Worm*, sometimes he'll take,
And seldom e'er refuse the bait,
Of verdant singing *Hoppers*,
And other things; but from his sight stand clear,
For sure he sees, and *Fishes well can hear*,
For sight, or noise,
Are no decoys,
In Chrystial streams,
The very stirring of a bush,
Makes all your Art not worth a rush,
And so deludes your pains:
Which to prevent, act by judicious care,
Observe the wind, and how you best may bear
The floating fly,
In places nigh

His

His haunts, for shady shelters his delight,
And near the ground sometimes he'll freely bite,
A *Cadice* then, or *Worm* that's red,
Like the voluptious, brings him to a dying bed:
Excess is hurtful none admire,
Those Damps extinguish natura fire
Who covet all, but little can Injoy,
And much, to some's, esteem'd the meanest toy.
Alexander conquered all, yet sighing weep't.
Saladines victories ended in a shirt.
Angler, strong Tackling have, for he is strong,
If only for the *Chub* your *Madam's* long,
Be careful, never trust the single hair,
For that's deceitful, and frustrates your care.
I Angling* lately, for the smaller fry,
Two hairs my hook did only tie,
And those two hairs, two score had ta'n,
Till one stout *Chub* deludes my pain;
I Angled not for him, yet him I did provoke,
He sudden rose and with a Cruel stroke,
The easy hair gave way,
While he Triumphs, as Conquerer that day;
It was so sudden, that I scarcely knew,
Whether he rose or from the Clouds he flew,

---

* At *Heaver Castel*, in the *Medow*.

Like *Perseus* on his winged Mare,
To bring relief, or Combat in the Air,
That Monster of the great Eternal Seas,
Who *Andromeda* ready was to seize.
But once by chance in water clear,
The Brook was narrow, and I near,
Close by the Banck a *Chub* I ey'd,
And wonder how I came so near unspy'd,
His *Argus* eyes, or that he sleeping lay,
To let me silent in his way convey
My bait, which quickly there he spies,
And like a Treasure, all his own he crys,
Voracious Natures seldom ever can,
Revoke the principles at first began
Instilling Craft, but yet the crafty falls
Like Coblers using Swords instead of *Awls.*
For by a Touch I hook'd him, then
Blaspheming dyes, like to dispairing Men.
Now comes the *Roach*, against the stream
he'll swim,
And beat the waters with his ruby fin,
Him you may know, if River's ne'er so deep,
For, when he bites, the flote will downwards creep,
Perpendicular to the deep Abyss,
If well he's hung, you'll hardly ever miss;
If *Large*, a little play requires your skill,
And always keep his head above the water still,

Till

Till strength is spent, then bring him to the shore.

And always Angle midle deep or more,
For he's not nice, a *Gentle*, *Cadice*, or a *Worm*,
Or, on the top, a *fly* will serve his turn,
Ant *flys* are best, for these he'll eager chace,
Besides they be a Soveraign bait for *Dace;*
Our stream affords us none, but I know where
They do abound, and have been Angling there,
At *Satbleford*,* not far from Holy *Dee*,
A stream abounds, and that most Infinitely,
Dace are choice, few other Fish are there,
Except some *Trouts*, but they're not large nor fair,
Not like unto our *Kentish Trouts*, these I express
Are only good and fat unto excess.
In *Dalamore's*,† a silent Meer,
Good store of *Bream* increases there;
Broad sides and little mouths, do ill agree,
Tho he's in biting commonly free.
Oh! Should you see a large one, how he'll play,
And with his Tail, beat all the waves away,
Scorning so small a hook, and little line,
Should Antidate him in his flowing prime.
Angler, if you go there, have Tackling strong,
No Hook, nor Line, you must rely upon.

---

* In *Cheshire*.

† *Dalamore Forest*, in *Cheshire*.

When

When near the shore, but with a Net him
lift,
Else his large sides will put him soon a drift.
Muse sing yet and tell the *Roach*,
What other bait he will approach,
And let the *Bream* and *Dace* alone,
Since our sweet stream affords us none.
Among the Flags, if any little place is clear,
Or gloomy shades, I common find them there;
Sometimes they're shy,
Scarce one will die,
No *Worm* nor *Gentle* can them please,
No *Paste* or *Cadice* then agrees;
Yet they'll come near, and smell,
Then turn their Tails, and bid them all farewell.
What shall I do, no sport I'm like to have,
But drudge all day, yet Fortune helps the brave.
Soon from the River then withdraw,
Unto some *Farm*, and turn the rotten straw.
For *Worms*, a Ruby head and body white,
Are certain signs the *Roach* at them will bite,
Get but a few, you need no more to fear,
But you'll have sport if any *Roach* are there,
I seldom find them at this bait precise;
And some I've ta'en with other *Fishes eyes.*
One time my baits were spent,
I thoughtfull was for more,

When

When Fortune favour'd my Intent,
And soon supply'd my store;
A sudden fancy in my Nodle came,
Which I resolved then to try,
Do you but make experience of the same,
You may succeed as well as I,
The Glaring *Oculus*, great Loves misterious bait,
That leads the World in errour, Topsy turns a state,
Which Monarch's more adore, and brighter shines,
Then all the Glittering stones adorn their Diadems:
This was my fancy, and I well may say,
Eyes were my Guide the Fishes to betray,
For some I took, *Jove* pardon my Intent,
To make the blind decoy the Innocent;
Wonder no more, 'tis certain true and just,
Necessity begot Invention first.

Next sing the *Gudgeon*, where he most abides,
The bait he loves, and where he usually resides;
A stream that's clear, and current pretty strong,
With Sand, or Gravel, will detain him long.
Close at the bottom, there he grabling lies,
And never looks at Heaven, nor sees the Skys,
Till by a *Bradling*, on the Sun he glares,
And ends his life without protesting cares;

No

No Scriviner makes his will, 'tis known to all
That commonly the weakest goes to th' wall.
Directly 'gainst the stream he bears his head,
Stones are his Pillow, Sand his Down'y Bed;
And Company he loves, for seldom he's alone:
Paternal cares belong to every one.
Angler, if you his haunts would know,
Observe the stream, and how the Currents go,
In gentle numbers, or most rapid flow,
The gentle still belongs unto your care,
For there they'll swarm, and recompence you fair,
If but one Inch, or rather on the ground,
Your *Bradling* tail, as you the water sound;
For he'll ne'er rise, try all the Art you can,
To take a bait that's from the ground a span.
A *Bradling*, that his chiefest Love,
A *Gentle*, sometimes will him move.
So will the *Straw-worm*, from his house drawn clear,
Shew you the pleasure that in Rivers are.
A pliant Rod,
No sturdy Goad,
That Rustick People use,
Gives more delight,
When *Gudgeons* bite,
Then all their vain Ostentious shews.

A Hook that's fine,
And Taper Line,
Two or three hairs below,
May well suffice,
Unto the wise,
When they to Angling go.
No mighty skill for them you need expend,
If baits be good on those they will attend;
Increase your sport, and by a fresh desire,
Invite you further on, and then aspire
To be compleat; who so for *Gudgeons* Angle,
Do oftentimes the best of Fish intangle,
Both *Chub* and *Roach*, the *Pearch* and slimy *Eele*
Insensible, unto a *worm* will steal,
And raise your Expectation to a higher pitch
Then floating fry, the vulgar so bewitch.
But let your baits be always pure and sweet,
And all your Tackling of the best compleat,
Else falls the Proverb to your luck, and then,
Of mighty Artists, prove but simple Men.

Muse keep thy Theme, and sing what other Fish
Compleats an Angler to his Roving wish;
And tell those sorts that in our streams there be,
For to repay our cost and pains with usury.

In weather hot, whole sholes are found,
That leave the bottom, and the top surround,
Of silver *Bleaks*, whose verdant backs
Like Emeralds shine, or finer knacks;
Bleaks of a larger size then those the *Thames*,
Can boast in all her Royal streams:
Quite different in taste, the shape is one,
Luxurious far beyond the *Gudgeon*,
That River *Smelts*, do with these *Bleaks* oppose,
Let sense direct you which of them to chose.
A little hook, one single hair and fly,
Are best on top, where *Bleaks* all open lie,
Drive with the stream,
And shaded be from them.
Else soon they'll scud and hide themselves away,
And tedious make the pleasures of the day.
Which to prevent, obsconded be, and then
You ne'er can fail to take enough of them.
The prey is small,
But that's not all
An Angler should respect;
His ways sublime
Exceeding time,
Much further can direct.
Bleaks greedy are,
And to the flys declare
A hatred ends in mortal strife,

Which

Which *Belzebub* their God resents,
And thus exclaiming, soon his passion vents
Unto his Hell beloved Wife.
'My Kingdom will depopulated be,
'My subjects sent abroad, return no more to me,
'Some newer state I thought might them oppose,
'Which they resisting came to handy blows,
'Fortune of Wars on Souldier often fall,
'And Honour'd Criples are commanders all;
'But in my Regiments there's none I see,
'That wants a Leg or Arm, but all are free,
'Free in their Limbs in Action stout,
'But few return when they march out,
'Some Ambush sure wherein they fall and die;
'For *Cannibals* ne'er breakfast on a fly.'
Thus he——
But when Intelligence was brought,
Of numerous squadrons lately gone from Court,
And none return'd, except some foraign shore
Gave harbour, they're exil'd for ever more,
Wonder of Wonders, where the Buzzing Tribe
Should still abscond prepetually, and hide
Their Airy Wings, or should *Boreus* he
Imploy them on Plantations to a mistery,
None knows, but streight a Counsel urgent call,
And give rewards to those declare it shall,

And

And pardon too if they accomplice are,
Against the winged Buzzers of the Air.
This an old *Hornet* heard, who in a hollow tree
Rested secure, and so perserv'd his Liberty,
Just on the Rivers banck, for there he cou'd descry
Who 'twas prevail'd, and who destroy'd the rambling fly.
Profound obeysance to the winged God once made,
And Prostrate at his foot-stool, sighing said;
'Dread Liege, no hopes of Honours, no reward I crave,
'By Duty bound, as your most humble slave,
'I here with sorrow can this loss declare,
'That makes your vast dominions now so bare,
'Last Night the offspring of my Aged years,
'Would bath in streams, expelling future cares,
'And in the Liquid Element, would play,
'To ease the burden of the Insuing day:
'Dubious what chance my Heirs might soon betide,
'Upon a bough I pearch't, and there espy'd,
'How in the waters, like *Icarus* in the Air,
'They had forgot the Precept of a Parent dear,
'They stretch their Wings, and spoon afore the wind,
My Eldest first, and so the rest behind,

'Try

'Try all the pleasures of the Silver stream,
'With Sails Expanded, danger far from them
'In all appearance, while they joyful play,
'And silent hours decoy the time away.
'Puft with conceit, they'd see the *Nymphs* below,
'And how the Gods keep't Court in Caves, and so
'Down to the bottom nimbly dive, and then
'Rise and disport themselves with Joys again:
'While in my tender Breast paternal fears arose,
'That sudden Joys have direful ends, which to oppose
'I loudly call, and bid bold *Hornet* stay,
'While he forgetful, with the stream kept way,
'And quickly sports his precious life away.
'Two streams there be, from several parts that come,
'Then with united forces joyn in one;
'Under a broad and spreading Tree,
'Tree alas, and here begins my misery,
'For like some Pirate in a hollow clif,
'That waits the careless Merchant when a drift,
'And with full Sails makes to the longed shore,
'There to unlade, or else to freight him more;
'Steps boldly forth, and with a fierce surprise
'Makes the full Vessel then his lawless prize,
'So unobserved, by the shady tree
'Some *Chubs* expecting lay, a prize to see,

'While my bold Boys, not dreading danger nigh,
'Fall in a Gulph, and there expiring die.
When this he'd said, his Aged hair he tore,
Excessive sorrow stopt his speach for more.
While *Belzebub*, new comforts to infuse,
Strives to expel his grief, and clearly shews
His thoughts are free, and solemn doth profess
The watry Element destroys his happiness.
When to remoter climes, the aspiring flys
In Numbers swarm, and there surprised dies.
Which to prevent, the Counsel all agree,
To supplicate great *Neptun's* Majesty,
And by address the Sea-green God implore,
To issue orders to his subjects, o'er
The Liquid Element, no more for to surprise,
When travelling, spontanious buzzing flys.
This then resolv'd, the Court a Courier sent,
With *Lady Birds*, the Queen of Hells present,
That *Neptune* may, if so his God-head please,
Starve all his *Fish*, and please himself with these.
Such presents from the God of flys was rare,
Each fauning Courtier sought one for his share.
When one bold *Bleak*, more sturdy then the rest,
Demanding Audience, thus himself exprest.
'Hail mighty *Neptune*, by thy trident I
'Dare swear, tho *Jove* himself were by,
'That

'That these fine *Lady Birds*, enchanting eyes,
'The bane of subjects are but meer decoys,
'And to that purpose sent, while we,
'For gaudy outsides, are condemn'd to be
'Eternal poor, and slaves to misery;
'Our Charters broke, and for a Female smile,
'Expell'd the Limits of our Bounteous Isle;
'This Law, 'gainst reason, Mighty King revoke,
'And add no more oppressions to our Yoke
'Which heavy is already, so that we
'Expire at once debar'd of Liberty.
'Beside, Intruding buzzers, that invade
'Your Liquid Kingdom, makes us still afraid
'They are but spies, and seek to undermine,
'Like *Faux*, your whole Perogative and Line.
This said, an universial shout attends
The joynt applause of faithful loving friends,
While *Lady Birds*, and Courier home were sent,
And Fishes still Injoy their own content.

Angler if you besides the *fly*,
Would other ways or notions try,
Then use a *Gentle*, when they do abscond
About six foot or more from Land;
Or near the middle, nigh the shore is none
The Sun they Love, and Angle most 'bout noon.
For I've observ'd, when that begins decline,
Your Angling then is only loss of time.

Besides

Besides the *Gentle* and the *Fly*,
The *Roaches* bait I'd wish you try,
And let experience tell you then,
Vain Glory ne'er becomes a Fisher-man.
How often on a lofty bridge I've stood,
Whose Arches stop't the raging floud.
When Sun was hot, the water most serene,
And all the fry therein most plainly seen,
While I, absconded by that Lofty hight,
Exceeding pleasure reap't, and pure delight:
For while my *Flys*, drove gently with the stream,
The mounting *Bleaks* would still admire at them,
Then with a sudden spring, new Joys to try,
They fall a victime, and lamenting die.
Sing next the trouble of the Angling Rod,
The little *Menow*, and his blind abode,
That enemy to Angling, when he bites
Destroys our baits, and robs of our cheif delights,
How to avoid him well we can not tell,
In every place in ev'ry hole he'll dwell.
Confounded Caitif, who can him avoid
If near the ground, except a Load
Of worms adorn your hook, yet then
He'll nible and do all that e'er he can
To raise your Passion, yet you must not swear,
For frighting other Fishes that are near.

All

All baits he loves, and nothing will deny
His Appetite, except it be the *Fly*,
And that must on the water swim, if low,
'Tis certain gone as other baits I know.
So little currs a Mastiff will engage,
And, by eternal bauling, make him rage,
Who quiet was before, and that until
Great *Madam Spot*, thought 'twas exceeding well
Her dainty dandlelap, such courage had,
To dare a Mastiff till he's mad.
These *Menows* dare, and often daring die,
Ignoble Sots deserve no obsequie,
Nor Pity, when most willfully they fall,
Ambitiously aspiring unto all.
For I have known when *Menows* had,
By often sucking, made them glad,
And left the hook near bare,
Without all further care;
By one small jerk the hook has been
Fixt in their Bellies, or their fin,
Too late then they, like Drunken Fools, design
A quick reform from the entoxicating Vine.
While the silent wound,
To the heart has found
A new Invented way,
Transporting Joys,
The only Toys,

Of

Of Lifes uncertain stay.
Angler, bestow some pains, direct my Pen
How to avoid these Plagues which then
Requires our cheifest skill and all our care,
To make our *Recreation* supream fair.
I'm at a loss,
And do profess,
The more I think, the further off am I,
How to avoid the inconvenience of these fry;
Unless I should confine my self to holes are deep,
Or where the boist'rous stream doth sweep
The ground with raging force, for there
They seldom be, and leave our Angling fair;
But I to no such task can be confin'd
While always plodding by the stream, I mind
Their several Meanders, and the ways
To use my various baits, in various Plays.
Sometimes I'm tir'd, and leave my Angle for my
Troul,
With that I strive some other Fishes to Cajole
Or make my Enemy to serve my turn,
When at a turning stream the *Perches* come,
And there Insulting lye for *Menow* or else *Worm;*
Either will serve if you observe the Rules,
No edged Weapons fits the hand of Fools,
But silent wait, and with expecting care,
A *Menow* soon decoys the best are there,
Himself

Himself is good for nought, but by Judicious strife,
Gives greater pleasure to the Patient Anglers Life.
Life free from cares, and those Tumultuous Toys
That sorrow brings, the bane of Mortal Joys;
Eternal enemy to rest and sweet repose;
The Angler may by studious thoughts oppose.
Refreshment from the Medows sweet,
The Silver streams afford him meat.
What greater Treasure to a friend who'd bring,
Then those which from our labour daily spring,
Labour in vain, the Ingenious do not prize,
Pleasure, that profit brings, becomes the wise.

FINIS.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Piscator and *Corydon*.

Corydon.

IF Man immortal be, whose reason's most Divine,
'Tis you must needs Excel, by using well your time.
No sooner can the Glorious Sun retire
From *Thetis* lap, and with his Beams inspire,
New vigour to the long expecting World,
When sable Night hath all his Clouds close furl'd,
But you to view *Aurora's* blushing Face,
In dutious manner o'er the Medows trace,
And with your *Angling Rod*, or *Trouling Pole*,
Search all the streams, and there the Fish Cajole.

Piscator.

'Tis you that see the Glorys of the Sun,
How he begins his course, and seting down,
How in the Sea he waters his swift steeds,
And cools their fiery mouths in Seagreen beds,

Refreshments, Gods and Men, when tired, love
And in Recesses there sweetly improve,
While *Love* with his expanded Charms provokes
The Amorous Doves, whom *Venus* kindly Yokes,
And with most Celebrated speed then flys,
To *Paphos* to the Morning Sacrifice.

Corydon.

No sooner can *Aurora's* golden face disclose,
And *Living Clocks* tell Night's gone to repose,
But I my Sheep and Lambs most careful view,
And from full udders then extract the dew,
Due to great *Pan*, and of my kine take care,
The joyful Issue of their Mothers fair;
But what Redounds from your Elaborat care and skill,
Declare, for I expect it, with Impatience still.

Piscator.

I view the Meads, and see how *Flora's* Love
Not given in vain, and Mortal's still Improve
By spacious Landskips, to our nicer eyes,
The true Contentments slugards seldom prize,
Who spends three parts of Lingering life in sleep,
Then rise to dine and sup, again to creep
Between the sheets, with drowsie dreams there ly,
Like *Morpheus* in his latest Agony.

Corydon.

But yet declare the pleasure that you reap,
Among the streams are swift, and wide, and deep,
For I've observ'd, that there you're most an end.
Piscator, pray now tell unto thy friend,
Thy long experience, I'll with Joy attend,

From your Diviner Counsel all you know,
Be speedy, while we trace this Medow throw,
For at the Old Boundary, there we part,
I to my *Kine*, and you unto your *Art*.

Piscator.

Corydon, if for this time, your time you can enlarge
The mornings fair, and let your Hind take charge
For once, of your fat Herd, the Rivers nigh,
Where I'll demonstrate the pleasure I Injoy.
By occular inspection you shall see,
If Angling be n't a part of Heaven's Divinity.
While we with patience here, and with pure minds,
Reap the contentment Heaven to Man Injoyns.
Observe the streams and see them silent go,
How on the bancks a thousand beauties grow,
The wise Creator did, in mighty Love bestow
On Man, and, by a Providential care,
Stock'd all the waters with the Fish are there,
Who multiply, and therein largely breed,
To give us Joy, and serve us at our need.
Tho 'tis confest your stock and care extends
The Limits, unto which my study bends.

Corydon.

Great is my care, and great my Labours be,
Confin'd to be a drudge eternally;
Yet use and daily labour brings me gain.
When Udders overflow with Milk amain,
Free from contentions and domestick strife,
The Eternal jarings of a Crabtree life.

See yond' stout *Bullock* with his neck new worn,
Whose fellows plow the ground for plentious Corn,
Which *Ceres*, as a mighty blessing, sends,
She hath my Love; to *Pan* my offering bends,
Father of Shepherds, we thy Rusticks are
As well as Flocks, thy everlasting care;
In rural numbers we thy praise rehearse,
And pay our Obligations in Immortal verse;
No fluent strains but such as Nature gave,
Plain as our Souls, but always just and brave.
When *Amarillis*, *Phillis*, *Cloris* joyn
And make consorting Harmony Divine.

Piscator.

No knowledge in the Husbandmans affairs,
Belong unto my Art, nor all his Teeming cares
Know I, nor please my self to see the Oxen Plow,
And labouring thro' the new made furrows go.
The painful Harrow gives me no delight,
Nor can I comprehend how one short night,
Can give due rest, or yield a sweet repose
To toylsome swains, that with the Sun still goes,
From one care to another, Reapers always sweat,
And *Ceres* bounty yields them labours, yet
Full Barns are thresh'd, the winnow'd wheat appears,
Which gives both Joy and Trouble to succeeding years,
If my advise in Friendly manner, can obtain
But your attention, while my observations plain
How you some hours of tedious life may ease,
Controul your cares and sweetly rest in peace.

Thy

Corydon.

Thy Friendship I still own, if fates were free
I willing would obtain and learn thy mistery;
But cares still cloud my over willing mind,
Sprung from the *Earth*, there's all the Joy I find.

Piscator.

Ne'er mind the *Earth*, to Heaven lift your eyes,
All blessings come from supream Deities.
Those griping Misers, that the Muck adore,
Are always empty, and in plenty poor.

Corydon.

Earth is my business, and a soil that's rich,
Gives me contentment; *Jove* I still beseech
That all my Teeming *Ews* may fruitful be,
And Crown my Labours with their large posterity,
So may my *Darie* daily still abound,
With plentious blessings from my *Heifers* sound.
'Tis all I covet, Misers Gold admire
The only Loadstone to a fond desire.

Piscator.

Croesus, and *Midas*, Gold could ne'er content,
Ingraven Ingots, all the Gods they meant,
But baubles, to the Golden glistering o'er
That Damn'd their souls, yet dy'd exceeding poor.
Corydon, if you'll but gratify me half this day,
I will repay your kindness when you turn your Hay,
Fain would I now Spectator you should be,
If I ha'n't reason to be kind and free.

Almighty

Almighty Nature bountious blessing sends,
Which I in Love impart unto my friends,
Who still pertake, with Liberal hand I strive
Their Loves to keep, Eternal Love survive.
What greater Treasure can I else bestow,
Then that from my assiduous pleasures flow,
The River's near, give your attention then,
I'll shew you all the beauties of the stream.
Under that shady Oak obscure there lie
For Gods themselves are private at their mistery.

Corydon.

Piscator, I'll obey; *You Powers Divine*,
Pardon if I mispend my precious time.
Ah, no! I'll contemplate of *Heaven* and every thing,
Great *Pan*, good notions to my mind now bring
While here I stay, and with Industrious care
Behold *Piscator*, what his motions are,
For knowledge none in his sweet art I have,
Such studys only fit the just and brave;
Who with attention and with patience strange
Hunt thro' the Liquid Element, and change
Their several Chases, as their observations vary,
Profound in knowledge seldom can miscarry.
So *Herdsman* go, a double care extend,
While I this day *Piscator* do attend.

Piscator.

Propitious fortune bless my floating quill,
By which, observing, how the Fishes still

Nible

Nible the bait, then greedy swallow all,
As dying Victims, triumph in their fall,
That *Corydon* may see the difference and find,
That pleasure soon expels the troubles of the mind,
Immortal *Jove*, tir'd with the labours of the day
Withdraws, and to new pleasures finds the way.

Corydon.

Piscator does your eager haste succeed,
Or, will your pains supply your present need,
The Sun is mounted high, and soon will fall,
But what repast have you for me, or all,
Slight is your store, your Meager looks denys,
But that your Belly wants its due supplys.
'Tis time, for Nature still refreshment claims,
And hunger still succeeds most pleasing pains.

Piscator.

I have enough for to supply your wish,
And here in Love I do present a Dish:
To save the late expence of your lost time,
Such Fish as now are only in their prime;
A Brace of *Jacks*, some *Chubbs*, and more
Three Lusty *Pearch* I lately brought ashore,
Not naming those of the Ignoble fry,
That greedy swallow and as sudden dye,
Three Dozen, more or less I'm sure, I've ta'en,
A sweet requital for so small a pain;
Get but a friend or two, and of your store
We'll banquet then this Night, and often more,

Since

Since Neighbours like, in Love we both agree,
We'll Celebrate great *Pan*, and *Neptunes* liberality.

Corydon.

Now I'm convinc'd *Piscator's* art's sublime,
He profit reaps by his expence of time.
By harmless pleasure, yet he always may
Contemplate the Eternal bounty of the day;
Which gives such Inclinations all Divine,
Without the Hazard of more precious time,
For while he Angles, serious there he may
Consider life, and life's uncertain way,
By fleeting time that never yet would stay.
Some friends I have at need, and those
Shall sup with us, if nothing do oppose,
Whose hearts are Cheery, and my home-made Wine
Shall mount their souls more lofty then the *Vine*.
Great *Bacchus* darling, *Pomona's* joys are more
Then all the Grapes Insipped Fools adore.
Command my House, one hour I crave to be
Among my kine, and other drudgery,
The Masters eye make all the Horses fat,
Is the old Proverb, still remember that.

Piscator.

Well, I'll be *Cook*, against your quick return,
But bring your friends, for whom I inward mourn,
Lest some dull chance should keep them yet away,
Like tedious Prologue to a duller play.
Be quick dear *Corydon*, make haste be sure,
Impatience hardly will admit a cure.

Corydon.

See I have made a quick return, and brought
Those friends who scorn to have an Idle thought,
True friends they be, and such are only rare
Whose well bred Souls, them Noble can declare.
Now here's a Rummer to my friends and you;
Dear hearts be jovial, sorrow bid adiew.
Piscators Fish, joyn'd with my home-made Wine,
Instills new vigor to our fleeting time.
Time's still in haste, old Time for none will tarry,
But we'll deceive him once, whilst hearts are merry,
See here's a brimmer to our Royal King,
Success attend him, and let every thing
Joy in his wellfare, prosperity still be
Upon our Soveraign, and his dignity.

Piscator.

Now call your *Cloris*, and your *Phillis*, she
That Sings so well, and makes such Harmony,
Let's hear those lays, are due to your great *Pan*,
The God of Shepherds, and the Husbandman;
But Sing in parts and let them both declare
The Joys that are in Rustical affair.

Corydon.

Phillis, *Cloris*, tune your Pipes, and let us hear,
Your melody can soon digest our cheer;
Take turns to warble forth some pleasing strain,
For to delight my friends, who don't disdain
To hearken to, and then applaud your choice,
Both of the subject, and your sweeter voice.

SONG.

SONG.

Phill. *THen Midnight Ghosts sink to the shades below,*
Affrighted, when the Cocks begin to Crow,
And tell the day appears,
No longer they must stay,
But Instant pack away
Unto Infernal spheres.
Then mortals wake and free from cares
Injoy the Day, expelling fears
The Lamp of Heaven the Sun
Sends forth his glorious light,
And bids adiew to dismal night,
Our labour's then begun,
A morning Hymn, and to the Fields away,
We Dairy Maidens have no time for play,
Love and his Idle houres
Neglected always be,
That grand simplicity
No pastime is of ours,
But Joys supream, in udders full we find;
The blessings of our Kine, we only mind,
Whose overflowing Veins
Give Nectar at our fire,
That Gods and Men admire
Our Happiness and Pains.

SONG.

SONG.

Cloris. *GReat Pan, to thee we all oblations pay*
Father of Gods and Men, to thee we pray.
No Wolves offend our fold while we
Are absent at our Husbandry,
Still may our bleating sheep, bring tender Lambs
And mighty Fleeces from our Ewes and Rams,
Thou art their Father, with Paternal care
Protect them and their off-spring fair.
While Ceres *bounty daily we attend,*
Let thy all seeing eye, so far extend,
In Loving rays upon our Flocks,
Preserve and keep their dew'y locks.
Which we in stormy weather gently cull,
Then Card and Twist the glorious silver Wool,
The Weavers art, our want supplys,
Beyond the Ruby Tinctured Dyes.
Homeborn our Souls, and so our lives we lead,
We know no Citys, nor the Courtly breed,
Nor ne'er desire they should prevail,
Over the Dutys to the Milking Pail.

Corydon.

Piscator, your turn's next, I pray you Sing,
Your Angling pastime, or the Fishes King.
What Kings they have, or what you please belong
To Angling, make the burden of your Song.
But first to clear your Pipes we'll drink,
No time is lost in that I justly think.

Propitious

Propitious *Bacchus*, great Inventer of the Vine,
This Rummer's to thy health, and to the sisters Nine.
Immortal lays attend them, and the Lawrel thee,
For *Love* and *Wine* gives life to Poetry.

SONG.

Piscator. *When first the Harbinger to day,*
Tell's Sol's *approaching, and a ray*
Darts from the shining East.
Then from my Bed, I hasty fly;
No fish will come a sluggard nigh,
By twenty foot at least.
My Tools got ready over Night,
I know the hours when they will bite,
And when they won't be free.
Loose not the most expected prime,
But take the most convenient time
When Storms and Clouds none be.
When boist'rous Winds in Caves are pent,
Zephyrus *breezes only vent,*
Then I begin to Troul,
For hasty Pike, *or greedy* Jack,
Of which I seldom use to lack,
And Love them with my Soul.
Sol, *if his Morning Beams prove fair,*
With Glorious Skys, serene the Air,
To Angling then I go,
For Trout, *or* Pearch, *for* Roach, *or* Bleak,
But Chubs *I seldom use to seek,*
And for some reasons know.

They

Before declines the short liv'd day,
If there appears a fly
On waters calm, tho ne'er so deep,
Without a Ladder, up he'll creep,
And Gorge it Instantly.
Neptune, *Commander of the* Seas,
Thy Queen and Loving Neriades,
That daily we adore,
Propitious to our pastimes be,
All Anglers Love thy Deity,
And will for evermore
Tho' we thy Fishes do decoy,
And therein place a supream Joy,
With Hooks and Lines,
Yet we no Poachers *can abide,*
That scorn thy Majesty, beside
And with Ignoble crimes
Thy subjects in unlawful Nets,
Destroy, and afterward abets,
For to deface thy Throne.
Rouse Mighty Monarch of the Seas,
And let thy trident, if thou please
Confound them every one.
That so we Anglers daily may,
Find store of Game, and freer play,
While with attentive eyes,
We mind our floating quill, for then
What Victims fall by Angling Men
We to thee Sacrifice.

Corydon.

Call *Hobb* our Boy and you shall hear him Sing
A Ballet which from Town, he late did bring,

Compos'd of Kniting, and the sweet delight,
That Ladies do Injoy, each morn and night,
While busied thoughts, from Love sequestred be,
And all admire their own Felicity.

SONG.

Hobb. *HOW pleasant are we,*
In joys that are free,
Since kniting *of* knots *is the fashion,*
The Citizens *wife,*
Is void from all strife,
While busied at such occupation.
The Beau's *of the Town,*
May chance for to frown,
Now kniting so much is requested,
By Ladies whose eyes,
All Glorys Comprise,
Such Sots are always rejected.
The Madam of Honour,
When visits come on her,
Finds double delight in her kniting,
An Azmilla of thread,
From her foot to her head
Declares she has no mind to Jilting,
Those baubles of plays,
That encrease or delays,
Expectation into a kind greeting,
By kniting of knots,
Can tell all the spots,
That Lovers Indure at a meeting.
The pleasure is such
No Wise Man will grutch,
The Joys of our sweet vocation.

While

While knitting his Wife,
Is spending her Life,
And all for the Pride of the Nation.

Piscator.

God a mercy *Hobb*, we thank you for your Song,
'Tis time to part, I think we've tarried long.
The Cocks are now begining for to Crow,
And each must part, and to his home now go,
Lest Wives should chide, who are commanders all,
Good hours do often keep us from a braul.
I'll be those Wives whose clamorous Tongues repay,
Our softest kindness tho we seldom stray,
Love be our guide, and Love restrains our fears,
While Love gives health unto succeeding years.
Time flys apace as we have tryal made;
The Night's too short, or longer I'd a staid.
Now take my thanks, kind *Corydon*, your friends
Accept the same, my mind now homeward tends
Lest dubious thoughts, in my Loves breast should rise,
And anger breed, which to prevent be wise,
And keep good hours, tho now I did exceed
'Twas Love, 'twas Kindness to my friend indeed,
Sinister actions, let none willing try
Good night, prosperity attend you all, good buy.

Corydon.

Piscator's gone, in joys he's doubly blest,
While all tranquilities possess his Breast;
Pious his Soul, contentment in his mind,
The greatest Treasure Mortals here can find.

See with what freedom, and what Love he gave
His Labours, which declare him Nobly brave.
Some of his Fish, undrest, my friends, remains,
Take to your homes, and there Injoy his pains,
Which he esteems no labour, had I his Art,
I'd spare some time from Toylsome Plow and Cart.
Sweet is the pleasure that Mans Soul possess,
Where Joys create a lasting happiness.
Such is an *Anglers*, who from grief or care,
Curbs with discretion, thoughts that bring dispair.
Tho I'm no *Angler*, *Anglers* still I'll love,
For *Anglers* Patience comes from Mighty *Jove*.

Post-

Postscript.

W*Ednesday* the eighth of *March*, 1699. At Nine a Clock at Night, Mr. *Hyde* sent his Foot-man to my House, to tell me that he designed to draw his great Fish Pond at *Winckhurst* next morning, and desired me to meet him there to be partaker of his diversion with Captain *Comer*, and Mr. *Robert Outram*, which I did.

I have seen several Fish Ponds drawn and abundance of Fish taken, but never in my life so many at one time.

It was a most pleasing sight to see above a Thousand Golden-scal'd *Carps* at once lie panting on the ground; Some of them above twenty inches in Length, and silently seem'd to lament their Captivity, and among them some over-grown *Pearches* of eighteen Inches long, whose Porcupine backs and gaping mouths which discover'd Teeth as sharp as *Spanish* Needles, that seemed to threaten the Spectators for debaring them from their proper Element; beside an Infinite Number of most curious *Tench*, and small *Pearch*, to the great Amazement of the

the beholders. The reason why Mr. *Hyde*, few'd his great Pond, was, because he would stock his new Fish Pond at his House at *Sundridge* Place, with only choice Fish, and it is a curious Pond indeed, into which he put three Hundred and Fifty of those *Carps* which were from Sixteen to twenty Inches in length, beside the large *Pearches* with abundance of small ones.

Which in two years time will grow large, a great many Curious *Tench* were put in with them, beside a Kilderkin full of very large Silver *Eeles*, some of them as big as a Mans wrist.

The Fish were carried in a Waggon, drawn by a stout Team of Horses from *Winckhurst* Pond to his House at *Sundridge*, being about four Mile distant one from the other; beside he sent four Hundred delicate *Carps* to his stews at *Boreplace*, another of his seats which he keeps always ready to pleasure his Friends and Gentry, who often visit him for their Recreation at both places, but most commonly at *Sundridge*, where he chiefly resides.

The *Carps* are commendable, they don't eat muddy, for a continual stream preserves them from the offensive taste that most have in other Ponds, that want the conveniency of a stream; and *Winckhurst* Pond is of such extent, that they were ten days in leting out the water, and the last two days several People

People watch'd by a good fire Night and Day, and wanted not the Blessing of Roast Beef and Napy Ale, which Mr. *Hyde* constantly supply'd them with: It's impossible to tell the just Number of Fish we took, for he gave away abundance of every sort to all those he would lend a helping hand, as well Labourers as Friendly Spectators, whose Curiosity brought them to Injoy the delight that Lovely Spectacle invited them to.

Among the fine *Carps* he gave me, with some Silver *Eeles*, he was pleased to present me with one *Pearch* of thirteen Inches long and nine Inches over, I weigh'd it when I came home, and it weigh'd one Pound ten Ounces, and had an other Fish in his Belly, but it was nothing in Comparison to those he carried to *Sundridge* place, when we had sent away our choice Fish we stock'd *Winckhurst* Pond again, and put in two thousand *Carps* from nine Inches to fourteen in length, not reckoning the small *Pearch* and *Tench*, which might be by guess as many more, which in three hours time were all bravely afloat to their Contentment, by the stream that runs into the Pond.

I can justly sum up of that days Action, that we took two Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty *Carps*.

Not reckoning those were given away, nor the *Tench*, nor *Pearch*, nor Silver *Eeles;*

Eeles; I am of opinion that no Pond in the County of *Kent*, [if in the Nation] had such a stock of Fish, for last Summer I, with Captain *Comer* and an other Gentleman, did in one Day take with our Angles twenty Brace of *Carps* of extraordinary growth, if any question the truth of this Postscript, Mr. *Hyde* himself, with Captain *Comer*, my self, and several other People of good Quality, who were then with us only as Spectators, can justify the Truth.

Winckhurst stock'd with 2000 *Carps.*	
Sundridge Place with	0350
Boar Place stews with	0400
In all.	2750

FINIS.

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